



### Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

watching for the first sign of the tremendous struggle that must ensue the moment Bragg could be brought to bay. And in those days there drooped alone, in the gloom of the night, a man forgotten, save for his sentence, a young soldier whose loyalty was costing him his life.

But when he had expressed sorrow too much of the melodramatic and favor with the general in command, yet there was method in it, for Holt had recognized that while Malloy might not flinch at false swearing now that he had either to swear falsely or admit that his report of the affair was untrue, still, he might probably, would, lack the nerve to give the word that should stretch his rival dead at his feet. Holt had recognized that Malloy, an officer of the provost marshal was such an unwelcome duty assigned, and that under no circumstances would it be desirable or profitable to offend. Notified that his request could not be granted, he asked that at least Lieutenant Malloy should be required to swear that he was not a traitor. This might be too much for him, and prompt him at the last moment to confess the truth, but Malloy had been sent with the 10th Cavalry to the front of their regiment, marching with McCook to the rescue of Louisville. Sheridan, too, they told him, was now at the front, and he would be near, and yet, under the circumstances, he was less to aid him.

September, and all the north was in wild alarm! Lee, outfighting Pope and outstripping McClellan, had leaped the Potomac, and was swinging northward

Then dawned a day in late September, when the sun, after a long absence from the sodden earth, for the heavens had temporarily opened and poured out their torrents on the parched and thirsty hills, reflected in the water, and the sunbeams, choking dust through which had been tramping steadily northward the long columns, gray or blue, all now one color, of the funeral procession, were hump ling and heavy on Capitol Hill. The furrowed ridges to the south were crowned with low-lying mist. The coal-black hillsides, the steep, bare slopes of the muddy banks flattened out across the surface of the swollen river. The skies still wept and all nature seemed to weep. The funeral, a solemn ceremony staged upon the open, undulating fields between the southwest stretching pikes. In long blue lines, the soldiers, in their blue uniforms, and facing inward, a brigade had taken station and stood in silence and at rest. The soldiers, the white soldiers, the leaders of the camps, the negroes of the city streets, the curious, the morbid



through the heart of Maryland, his riding within hail of Washington, Bragg, dodging Buell, was bursting into Kentucky, where Kirby Smith was already at work, his foremost troopers and guides in the very face of Cincinnati. At the national capital there was amaze and despond. Throughout the southern States, the situation poured the divisions of the old army of the Ohio, hanging on the left flank of the foe, yet never checking his progress, the "United States" army pressed every loyal heart. The fate of the old flag hung in the balance. "Let the dead bury their dead," moaned the nation, "the living must fight." The man made at the front. I cannot grant a leave." It was in answer to the plea of a convalescent colonel, begging only a few days' leave to visit his dying wife, the boy of his beloved wife, who had nursed him and his men through the Chickamony fever, only to fall at last in the arms of death, that the president, which individual cases could hardly look for presidential action or interference, for days and nights were given up to pure business. In the small time he carved the commander-in-chief, the peril of the nation, small wonder was it that there seemed little time for bringing to the presidential table the torments and agonies of private woe, when the death watch had been set for whom there would be no weep-

In the center of the square a freshly turned mound of earth lay along a line of flags. The drummers, who had made grave, shrill and wailing and to the accompaniment of the throb and roll of the mournful muffled drums, the notes of Pleyel's hymn rose and fell on the heavy air, as into the square, in a grand, stately step, came marching a little column. Foremost the field musicians of the provost guard. Then a lieutenant with a dozen infantry, in the center a captain of the provost guard. Following came two staff officers in saddle, and then a two-horse team, with a long, open wagon, surrounded by a guard of twelve men, and in the shrouder. Within the wagon, from which all but the driver's seat had been removed, upon a long, rectangular box of unpainted pine, sat a young soldier in a blue uniform, who had nearly filled the length of the wagon, and somebody in authority, noticing this, and being possibly a deputy master of the household, he had just told the lone occupant to sit faced to the rear. Obediently, passively, he had submitted, and, with dark, mournful eyes, he had looked down at his feet, hope or fear of soldier protest had fled, he sat looking sadly over the crowded road and over the dripping fields, over the heid in the gutter, the soldiers close to the tailboards—guards whose very glances were furtive and ashamed when they glanced at all. In that sol-

sent funeral procession, a gray-haired chaplain, whose lips seemed moving constantly, as though he were uttering words of uplift, as though imploring divine intercession: often closed, as though he were shut out from the presence of the young face before him; yet when they opened again were fixed upon it in tenderness and sympathy unthinkably touching. Behind the chaplain, in rank, spectators in nudging, shouldering, neck-stretching, gaping swarms, the onlookers watched the march of the little cortege, and never dreamed that that very morning, for over half an hour, that gentle soldier of the cross had pleaded with the general at whose order death was to be dealt, despite the recommendation of the court for a reprieve. "Cruel? Cruel? Yes!" was the final answer. "But unless this army learn that death alone will be the punishment of the very worst, more cruel will happen any night. I would not remit it were he my only son." And he had reached the grave, and there, irresolute, marked time. The provost-marshal, charged with the execution of the sentence, had been for a full day in a quandary, not what to do. Every ceremony laid down in the regulations, guard mount, review

Then the senior staff officer bade the  
Times and fires strike up again and fol-  
lowed by the bugles. The men beyond  
the gaping mouth in the face of  
the field, filed them to the left, the es-  
corted men, the men of the hussar  
in line again, their backs were  
center regiment, the grave in the  
way, and beyond them, 30 yards  
away, the steep slope had a level  
ridge to stop such bullets as might  
elude the living target. The wagon, too,  
was placed on the level, and the  
chaplain, with brimming eye,  
stepped slowly forward and extended a  
hand to the young soldier, who  
thanked him in a low voice, and  
stepped over the tailboard and stood  
erect, unbound, unshackled, and took  
his place in the ranks. The sergeant  
guard looked unhappily about them,  
and the provost marshal, after a whis-  
per to the chaplain, stepped over and  
said in low tone: "Get that man over  
out some of you, and bring it over  
to the sergeant." The sergeant  
guard to lay their rifles aside, and slid-  
ing the long box over the creaking, pro-  
truding wheels, they moved to the  
grave where, after much muttering

talk and impatient gesticulations, it was placed close to the edge of and parallel with the firing party. The firing party meanwhile drearily stood in position, over at the right of the regiment forming the east side of the square, a bugle sounded and a little cavalcade came into the square. A general with a dozen or fifteen officers and half a dozen orderlies entered the square, and as soon as well within as though unwilling to come closer to the scene. Then the marshal and his friends again took counsel. "I suppose you'll have to go," said the marshal to the senior, "and—he ought to be at the coffin—oughtn't he?" he added in lower tone,

"Yes, and afterward he must be blindfolded," answered the other, thanking God he didn't have to carry out his own suggestion.

"Chaplain, will you and—and the pris-

“On your please, step this way!” said the provost marshal. “Right here—yes, here!” “Right!” answered the condemned soldier, calmly removing his cap, had taken the position of attention.

“Don’t read—just yet,” whispered the adjutant to the assistant adjutant-general, who stood high on his horse, and clearing his throat, was glancing about at the three regimental leaders, as though wondering if he was being taken in. “All right,” he said, yet sit facing him, and the provost marshal of his kaunitz was tucked a copy of the fateful order, and he wanted to get through with his part of the business as soon as possible. “All right,” he could ride off back of the brigadier, where-out of sight or seeing. But the provost had thought himself of another thing. One of the twelve rifles told off to him, and he was charged with only a blank cartridge, eleven with ball. One man was destined to fire a harmless shot. No man

but for the kick, perhaps the man might, but was the kink, and that, therefore, he had no part in the sad work. But he was not to be so easily accomplished without their knowledge. As something the major realized he should have thought of before. Here, silent and alone, he was to be the firing squad. There, huddled about the sergeant, were the guards with their sergeant. An idea occurred to the officer: "You are to be the firing squad," while the condemned man was facing the adjutant general and listening to the long order that presently was to end his life. "You are to be the firing and firing party could temporarily exchange. "Go ahead, captain," whispered him, "read the order." And, glancing about him, he saw the adjutant general, silent square, the staff officer again cleared his throat and nervously began, "You are the first faltering words to the clouds that his eyes were closed, and their tears, began again slowly, but heavily, to weep. Two or three big drops fell on the paper already shaking in the officer's hand. He was bound, unfettered still, but bareheaded, stood calmly, sadly at attention, his eyes fixed on the reader's face. The gray-haired chaplain stepped forward and placed himself silently by the side of the condemned man, and

had borne the general's message, and now he had announced his intention of standing by his comrade of cadet days, but unaccountably he had failed to appear. The chaplain, who had been the general's chaplain, as he looked upon the solemn preparations. Off to one side, beyond the wagon, the provost marshal held now the firing squad, and now they were striking the bodies of the fallen with stricken faces, the drummer boys stood gazing at the prisoner and listening in bewilderment to the long technicalities of the law. The provost marshal, as the reader proceeded, Two officers with green sashes under their waist belts had come forward from the east side of the square, saluted the provost marshal, and then they had moved to the wagon, which had been moved a dozen yards back of the grave, so that the entire brigade, drawn up to witness the funeral ceremony and profit by the same, could see what had happened. The obstructed view. All eyes seemed fastened on the little group in front of that freshly turned heap of earth and the man in the wax coat and the man in the red coat, the two silent listeners. Behind the adjutant general, a few paces retired, sat in saddle his comrades of the staff. Behind him, fifty yards away, in the rear of the provost marshal, or in rear of the file closers, stood the center regiment. In the gap between its left flank and the band of the eastward installation, the brigade commandant and his staff and the provost marshal's group, and as one of the latter rode forward and tendered a poncho to his chief and held his broad-brimmed hat over the head of the man in the wax coat, he had through the staff and settled the

rubber on his starred shoulders, another horseman, a young staff officer, rode swiftly in from the Franklin line, and the two men, with the bridge tender again straightened up. Not a word was exchanged. Significantly the aide was dressed in an official envelope, the leading front of the coat, the third and fifth button of his uniform coat. Significantly the general raised his gauntleted right hand and motioned the aide to the center of the square. The firing party had once more resumed their arms and stood at the window awaiting the order. The aide, with the bandkerchief in his hand, had stepped up in rear of the prisoner. It was the bandage prepared to blindfold his eyes, and the aide, in the brilliant, clear, blessed light of day, but surgeons both,

the provost marshal, the associate staff officers, the chaplain, whose arm began to tremble violently, guards, the firing party—all save Norman Holt and the sergeant—were lined up in the rear. At a new arrival, the aide-de-camp who came riding slowly forward and reined in his horse a little to the left rear of his superior's.

Solemnly the adjutant general read the closing words: "The proceedings, findings and sentence in the foregoing case of Private Norman Holt have been proved, and the sentence will be duly executed." Solemnly he read the fate—death by hanging. The adjutant carried out the sentence, and many of the garrison as could be spared from their station, and when he dictated the order of execution, he read the full division in the name. Solemnly the date and time were announced, and the provost marshal charged with the execution.

By command of Major General Blank, B. F. Nemo, assistant adjutant general, the reader slowly folded his arms, turned his back to the provost marshal.

And then rode two yards farther to the front, the young aide-de-camp, who reached him, and handed him the senior envelope that nestled in the breast of his trim uniform coat. Eagerly he grasped it, quick to open it and open. With a sigh, he fought with sudden joy and relief unutterable, the soldier read, and then the voice so choked with sorrow the moment before rang out on the misty air like the clarion tone of the stirring call he loved, and over the sodden fields and away to the fog-laden hills, the voice rang out, saying voice so proclaimed that all men might hear and know and thank God with him:

"Now the commanding general directs me to declare that the prisoner stands pardoned and restored to duty by the order of the president of the United States."

"Oh, may God bless Abraham Lincoln!" went up the cry from the chaplains, and the voice of the young aide-de-camp, and the voice of the young man, swaying form in his strong and tender arms.

[illegible]

"You Shout Him." The manders, the southern general had been grievously misled by over-confident Kentuckians within his ranks, and in bitterness of spirit he abused the staff, and found that he had not only left the "dark and bloody ground" more loyal than he had found it, but that the marked degree of confidence and loyalty of many of his gallant men. So far as the south was concerned, the war was over. And so far as Kentucky was concerned it had cost her dear, for many an old homestead in the track of the invader had been laid in ruins. And so far as the Union arms were concerned they, too, had suffered through dissensions in high command, and the result was that the southern legions safely back in Tennessee than the army of the Ohio, little lamenting either, so satisfied with the result of the day. "From the man who made it and given to another. It is one thing to mold and make, to drill and teach, and another command. It is another to lead and fight it, as a long-suffering president and commander-in-chief of the land is bound to know. Both east and west and almost at the same time the army of the Potomac and the army of the Ohio. The old leaders and were launched into bat-

He with a new. Meanwhile there had been opportunity for many a cavalier son of Kentucky to revisit in Confederate gray the home of his youth and the old scenes of his childhood. He viewed Asholt, lying well within the broad pathway of Bragg's invasion and to the east of Buell's racing columns. He had seen the smoke of battle year and once more rang with martial voices and soldier revelry. Once more he had seen the gallant, gallant march toward with the army, threw open the door and welcomed the gallant comrades of his first-born son. With eager eyes he watched the march of the movements of Bragg's marching hosts, never for an instant doubting the result, and rallying about him the old retainers of his father, he filled him even in his exile, he filled his manor and stables with man and horse, and he had seen the march of his northward way, and lavished on officer and soldier, on mount and mule, the best that Bellevue afforded. He had seen the march of the army, and the announcement that Louisville had fallen before the advance guard, and was

amazed to hear that Sili had been killed. "I'll be a right governor, sub," out of Frankfort, and worse still, that Bragg was falling back. He listened to the tender of aid from the Union army with wild elation, then, with harrowing doubt, for when nightfall came the dull booming died away and the roads were empty. The only bulwark of safety shelter for wounded officers and men. At midnight there had come to him the news saying that the allies were coming. "The Yankees are coming," the news were coming from the south-eastward, and it was high time for him to follow. What, Bragg beaten! Kentucky was his! He was to be the first to see to the scant mercy of invading Yankee hordes! "By heaven, it is horrible!" said he. "I will not go! I'll stay and fight the Whites!"

"No!" he demanded. "Send him to the instantly! Say his father bids him come and fight for Believer. Bragg is a coward!"

"Bragg is a coward!" he said to the "us!" he raged. And the young staff officer who bore from General Polk the

briet words of advice besought old  
Woodrow—he dreaded an apoplectic seizure—and Woodrow came and sought to sooth  
and counsel, only adding to the fury of  
the patient. The latter's anger and delirium  
night was nearly spent and the cavalier  
detachment was resending on the lawn  
was he induced to enter his carriage—  
which had been waiting outside. He took  
strategem to bring it about. "You  
must get him away," said Woodrow.  
The matter was settled by sending him  
to northern prison, and what will kill  
him." The matter was settled by the  
entry of one of the troopers with a let-  
ter from the governor, which was dissem-  
table while the host was raging in the  
library, but it was dated at Stanford, 7  
p. m., and all it said was: "Major H. J.  
brought in. Come to him as soon as pos-  
sible." And was signed "Polk, sur-  
geon, C. A.". Before the dawn the next  
day, the inspiring forerunner of the  
in the old family carriage, behind a  
pair of mules, Bellevue's last remain-  
ing horses having disappeared when  
they were taken to the National Academy,  
they had him well within the encircling  
force of Bragg's retreating column  
thereafter. When they reached the place  
it was ascertained that Henry had es-  
caped without a scratch, and that  
"Polk, surgeon," was a myth. Then

He forgot, but in his agitation he had left the forgers on the library table, where Harkness found it on the following day. He took it to the forger, who told him it was in the hands of a sorrowing young soldier in Union blue, and he was to be sent to the front. He took upon what was left of the once beautiful and ever-beloved home.

He and his wife and his brother again wandered, this time seriously! His home dismantled, fences burned, his fields and woods trampled, his helpless hands and trampling hoofs, out-buildings stripped, stables, kennels and coach house partially destroyed, while the old man, in a new dress of affliction reigned everywhere! Woodrow and other old friends had packed up their belongings, and were gone with their glassware, and for love of the Holts, and in hopes of better days, stored it in the city.

What was left? The old furniture, the noble old furniture, the carpets, the curtains and hangings had already been removed. What was left? What might happen next? Sheridan's division, sorely hammered at Perry-

ing for a day on the slow, westward march to Bowling Green, whither Buell directed his columns after escorting the wounded to Cairo and Springfield. And himself had slept within Bellevue's walls, and stationed sentries to warn him of the coming of the fighters filled with neighboring rage. And with that snappy young division commander there rode now as inspector of the march, a man who had been de-camp who had so befriended Norman in the bitter days of his trial and incarceration at Nashville, who, as the first to grasp the chain, was the first to wring his hand and welcome him to life, to freedom, to victory. And now, in the midst of the pursuit and the recuperation after Perryville, Sheridan had found time to listen to Captain Randall's story, to witness the scene and of the trial and tribulations that preceded it, and now the little general's efforts in Norman's behalf were rewarded. The army had been obtained granting the young soldier a month's furlough, for by this time his wounds were high and his sufferings were matters that were the talk of half the army. The Envyards had opened their hospitable doors at this time, and the fact that already they had three wounded officers beneath their roof

Captain Bob recovering slowly, had eagerly questioned their soldier guest as to any knowledge he might have concerning the influence brought to bear on the military court. The young Enbart seemed oddly inquisitive. The war secretary had declared such sentence must be executed or all dissenters had been carried out, yet here in the case of Norman Holt, where the evidence seemed conclusive, at the last moment the sentence was suspended. The sorrowing, suffering overweighted head of the nation had interposed and pardoned. Who could have gained his end?

It was something Norman himself greatly longed to know. The men were again in Cincinnati so sure Enbart would be able to tell. The major and judge advocate was convalescing. The Rays had returned to Lexington and he would be able to tell. And they heard of Kate Ray nobly, assiduously laboring in the hospitals, nursing our sick and wounded—ours and the enemy's. He would tell his mother to write and urge their

coming again to Louisville, and the mother promised, but could she not do it? They could not do it without other's help? And if that other came, might not the mother's hand, dear as it was, be—no, no, not spurned, but the aid of others? They could not do it without unerring eyes she had seen signs and symptoms in her brave boy that told her that almost before he himself knew it, he would be made a fine girl, a noble girl, she admitted, but Bob was her all, and how many a mother would have said, "I would be good for almost any woman, when it is apt to be just the other way!" Now, if Henry Holt were only left wounded at the foot of the mountain, where—where—where—how suitable that might be Bob was for having Norman go to fetch them. They could be so much better off, if they were not so overcrowded as it must be with sick and wounded. But Norman had been only twenty-four hours within their doors, and he had seen the mothers of his own. Reporting at the com-

manding general's, he had received the necessary pass and papers to permit him to travel. He was now on his way forthwith. It was but a sorrowful reminder of the old home in which young man had so modestly sought to honor the very restless, restless division commander who had expoused his cause. It was strange that he should have been a soldier, and still a private soldier upon the roads, should welcome to Bellevue, and then, seated in his father's place, become the chief of a household. The division The civilian garb old Harkless had carefully preserved for him needed longer sleeves, yet hung loosely about his arms, and his face, his very conversation had sorely reduced him. But hope was again kindling his brave young eyes, for the long withheld opium had not appeared in vain.

And then the division went on its wayward way and the stranger disappeared for several days. Bellevue, Norman had written at once to the Rays, apprising them of his father's return, and begging them to ascertain through friends at Harrodsburg whether the latter had been left with the wounded. He had been left with Bragg's retreat. Woodrow accused now of being a southern sympathizer, with

But the month would soon expire. There was still a most important matter to be decided. The Major, Major Lane, met courteously, yet pointedly, asking for an accounting. He told him of the few thousands still left of his father's modest fortune, but for a sum of a few hundred dollars. How money was needed for Bellevue and himself. He much dis-

And he had waited ten days for the reply. None came. None had been received. Norman decided to go to Cincinnati to be lost. Norman decided on returning at once to department headquarters and obtaining permission to go to Cincinnati. He was told to go to the office of Bellevue's door that would have waked sounder sleepers than Norman. He was told to go to the office of the panting horses, stood a brace of troopers. Old Harkless shuffled down and admitted the bearer of an official looking letter, and Norman met him at the stairs.

This was forwarded to camp from the following day. Norman was ordered, with touch of his cap, and the general sent us over with it, as it was marked immediate and important. It was a letter from the general, and even before he say the superscription. That "sir" and the accompanying salute told their story. The packet was addressed to the general, and was from the Kentucky volunteer infantry, care commanding general Eleventh division, and was a handsome and crisp affair, with which he read it. An officer at last! and best of all, with a regiment from his own beloved state! This was a letter from the general, and this? How could he sufficiently thank him? He tore open the packet, and

There was the prize-commissioned first lieutenant's too—ally duty signed and sealed, and with it were other misgivings: One from Ransom, whose hands were tied; another from the governor, who opened it first. "The general bids me send this, with his hearty congratulations, to which I beg leave to add the assurance of my warmest wishes," he had a chance to speak to the governor. McCook backed him up in his big-hearted way, and the thing was done. The military commission was over, and its officers are gentlemen to whom your name is well known. See the mustering officer at Louisville quick as you can, and get your thirty-day furlough. Thirty days' leave report at or en route for Nashville. Oddly enough you will be brigaded with your old comrades of the "equal rights" brigade.

In the same brigade was the old regiment! To meet day after day, as you were to do, the men of the old regiment whom he had been wont to greet with such deference and soldierly show of respect! Above all, to meet Malloy, no longer a man, but a ghost, a specter, the same plane! Norman's eyes glazed, his

hands clinched at the thought. But first, he was master at Bellevue, and he was a good deal of a rascal, at least, so he was ready to see it that a hot supper is got ready for three at once, and show the orderlies where they can stable their horses. He was a good deal of a rascal, got, but the war has played havoc with Bellevue."

He was alone when he opened the next door to a queer-looking affair at best, but filled to the brim with loyal and affectionate greeting. It was from old Gaffney, who had been among the first to see the news and shout aloud in his joy.

"Just want the boys be proud when I tell 'em you're back, and that you're on the minute I finish this. Sure wasn't it blessed luck that brought me to Sheridan's headquarters when the boys were all in the hands of the old Norman, my lad, and bedad I'll see to it Malloy doesn't get away till you come to pull the nose of him. What a fine fellow he is, and how he'll pull you out? O, that reminds me. You know

They've sent young Lane back to the company at Louisville when we went through before Perryville (that we only heard from beyant Harrodsburg—bad scran to it!) and when Malloy would have coddled him and kept him out of rank, I set him to drilling again. He was never cut out for a soldier, that boy. He was nothing but a ne'er-do-well anyhow. They put him on wagon guard on the march over from Crab Orchard, and bedad when he answered to his name at Cave City he was there at all. At all. Brennan, who was took sick and left back at Greensburg, said he come in and got \$5 off of him after the wagons went through, and now he's a crop as a deserter, with his own father ordered for duty as judge advocate of the department of the Cumberland. I'm thinkin' there be more nothin' but trouble for everybody."

(To be Continued.)

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Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute.

A black and white portrait of a man with short, dark hair, looking slightly to the left. He has a serious expression and is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt and a dark tie. The portrait is framed by a simple black border.

**A. E. ROBINSON, M. D., C. M.,**  
Medical Director.

They cured me of the disease I had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that I had been told was incurable. I received free trial packages to all who write. It is a modern treatment and all men who suffer with the term of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature ejaculation, nocturnal emission, spermatorrhea, varicocele, or emaciation of parts can now cure themselves at all times. The effect of warmth and seems to act directly on the system, and releases the strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles of the male sex, restores the normal functions and has been an acknowledged success for years. I refer to the State Medical Institute, 302 Eleventh Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that of the one hundred trial packages, will be supplied with promptness. The Institute is a place where the great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated, and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedy is employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be supplied with a trial package. The plain package so its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment. Those who are required to write without delay.